THE

LADY'S

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SEPT. 1806.

PRINCESS AMELIA.

THE Princess Amelia, (a very fine engraving and accurate likeness of whom embellishes our present Museum,) was born in the year 1783; and completed her twenty-third year on the seventh of last month. She is the youngest daughter of their Majesties, and participates most amply with the rest of the females of her illustrious family in the accomplishments both of person and mind. It is the peculiar privilege and happiness of the English people to look up to the ROYAL FAMILY as shining patterns of every virtue that can adorn the female character.

The wife of an Englishman beholds on the throne the most exalted instance of conjugal affection, and parental conduct, while our daughters look with delight on the examples held out to them by the Princesses, the splendid ornaments of the British Fair.

The manners of the Princess Amelia are extremely fascinating; there is a lively smile generally on her countenance, denoting that affability of address and gentleness of disposition which have secured to her the esteem of all who have had the happiness to be in her society. The universal regret that was caused by her recent illness was a sufficient proof of the estimation in which she is held, and her happy recovery imparted the most sincere joy to the bosoms of thousands, to whom she is deservedly dear.

OLD WOMAN.

N° XCVI.

DEAR MADAM,

IT being your avowed object to instruct or inform your sex, particularly the young and inexperienced, I flatter myself you will have no objection to the observations of a mother, on a subject of great importance to the welfare of the rising generation of females.

My husband, who is in affluent circumstances, entertaining no very exalted ideas of the present fashionable mode of educating young ladies, and having but one daughter, was not only anxious to keep her at home, for the sake of society, but seemed to have such an aversion to send her to a boarding school, that more angry words passed between us on this subject, than had ever taken place, on any other occasion, during our union of sixteen years. When I urged the accomplishments of this or the other neighbour's daughter, and expatiated on the injury he was doing our dear Sophy, in keeping her from school, he would frequently retort, "that a man did not want an accomplished, but an useful wife; and that he did not doubt the girl would be quite as wise and well bred under our own tuition, as those who were placed under the most celebrated governesses; and that her morals were likely to be much more pure, from being free from the contagion of ill example, in a mixed society of different ages and different dispositions. As for dancing, which is thought so essential to a young lady's appearance, I should," added he, "be better pleased to have her learn the manual exercise; but to gratify you, Mr. *Scrapewell* shall attend her; and, if you are ambitious that she should learn music, you may give her a few beginning-lessons yourself, and when she has made some progress, I will provide a proper master to instruct her further. Plain working and plain cooking, of more consequence than jigging a dance, or thrumming an instrument, you can teach her with the assistance of *Molly Lard*; while I will undertake to instruct her in writing, reading, and arithmetic; and, as my own eyes are rather the worse for the wear, she shall

read to me such books as may at once assist to form her own taste, and amuse me. We can thus educate our beloved girl, without a governess at home or abroad, for some years at least; and, if I find it necessary at last, I will look out some worthy matron, who does not profess to make young ladies accomplished, but virtuous and prudent."

Such was the substance of many discussions relative to Sophy. I confess, I was not convinced; and, indeed, I felt it as a reflection on us, that many persons of our acquaintance, with far inferior means, were giving their daughters a polite education, while ours was mewed up at home, and had no opportunity of distinguishing herself. The girl, however, grew up, appeared to have good talents, which her father cultivated with some care; and, though I was ashamed of her simplicity and want of address, compared with some of her young friends, who had been put to boarding schools, I did not very strenuously urge her being sent from home for two or three years after her father had laid down the plan, which I have already unfolded to you. Being now, however, fourteen, I ventured to claim a kind of promise, which had been made, of sending her somewhere for a year or two, adding, that the school of Mrs. Tiffany was extremely well spoken of, and that her pupils had the credit of being very accomplished and well bred. "Hold, Bridget;" said my husband, "I will never send my dear girl to hear the second hand airs of a waiting woman"—you must know Mrs. Tiffany was lady's maid to a Duchess; "but I will with pleasure entrust her to the care of Mrs. Crape, the widow of our late worthy rector, who, having lost her husband and the greatest part of her income, will be glad to have company, and some addition to her means of living. I shall thus have the satisfaction of contributing to the support of a deserving woman, at the same time that I provide for the real improvement of a dutiful child." In this scheme I was obliged to acquiesce, as the breath of ill nature never sullied the fair fame of Mrs. Crape; and, indeed, I had a partiality for her myself, which would have prevented me from saying a word to her disadvantage.

My husband, however, was not satisfied with the course of education he had pursued in regard to our Sophy, without seeking occasion to triumph in its success. Being vacation time, he invited, through me, two or three of Mrs. Tiffany's pupils to spend a few days with our girl; and during this period he took frequent opportunities of sounding the knowledge of the boarding school misses, and of shewing the acquisitions of his own pupil; for as far as learning was concerned, he undoubtedly had all the merit of her instruction. To be sure, they entered a room better than Sophy, had a more easy and unembarrassed manner, and talked with great volubility on what they had learned, and the accomplishments in which each thought she excelled; but when brought to the test, which my husband obliquely but frequently did, their ignorance was so palpable, compared with the knowledge of our girl, that I blushed when I recollected the encomiums I had paid Mrs Tiffany's school, and the prejudices by which I had been actuated for so many years. They had all studied *geography*, but scarcely one of them knew the difference between an island and a continent; and one of them, a very sprightly girl, talking of the Highlands of Scotland, said, she should like to visit them, if it were not for crossing the sea, to which she had a mortal aversion. Another observed, that she should be much pleased to visit Ireland, where she had some near relations, in the mail coach, as she believed there were neither seas nor rivers between England and the sister Island, except such as might be crossed on bridges. The third honestly observed, that she knew nothing about earth or sea; she was content with the country in which she was born, and hated all outlandish things.

Sophy could not help smiling and correcting the mistaken notions of her young friends. My husband enjoyed his triumph; which indeed was much more complete, when he started the subject of History and Biography, which he took care to do, perhaps as much with a view of mortifying me, as of doing honour to himself. In short, in whatever branch of study our visitors were indirectly examined, they were almost equally ignorant, and equally indifferent. They talked much of masters and exercises; but it was evi-

dent they had reaped little or no benefit from the one or the other; and, except in a few shewy accomplishments, my home-bred girl was qualified to read the cleverest of them lessons of instruction, and even to become their governess.

I know not, my dear Madam, if young ladies are turned out as ignorant from other boarding schools: if they are, it is a melancholy consideration, and deserves the serious attention of parents. From what I have already seen, and especially from what I took care to inform myself of, by privately questioning my lively and artless visitors, I begin to fear, that the education of females is generally conducted on wrong principles: and parents are grossly deceived, or culpably negligent, if they do not detect the mischiefs, with which the present system is replete. I make this acknowledgment as the *amende honorable* to my husband, whose firmness and good sense in resisting my importunity have, I am now convinced, tended to make my girl what she is, and to prevent several dangers to which she might have been exposed, had my advice been followed.

I cannot help allowing, that daughters may generally be qualified at home for the duties of their station; and that if they are sent to school, it ought to be, where the vigilance of the governess is equal to the task of careful superintendence, and her own attainments and virtues render her worthy of being a model to others. In any case, I am convinced, that no person should have the care of more than two or three females at once, and that they should be brought up, as far as possible, in domestic habits, and taught to relish domestic endearments. For want of an attention to this, how many parents are rendered miserable by the misconduct of their daughters! how many wives and mothers have to repent the false impressions of excellence which they imbibed from modish, but ignorant or unprincipled instructresses!!

I am, dear Madam,
Your sincere Admirer,
BRIDGET TRUEMAN.

To the Old Woman.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE LADY's MUSEUM.

SIR,

YOUR publication, for the instruction and amusement of the female sex, always affords me much pleasure and delight. Through the medium of this entertaining little work I am very anxious to offer a few hints to your readers, of both sexes, upon a subject of the utmost importance. When I look around my married acquaintances, and see so little happiness in a state where one generally looks for so much, I am full of astonishment and regret. That there are many unhappy marriages, and that the number of these is great, I think no one, of the least experience and observation, can hesitate to allow. To account, in some measure, for this unnatural fact, is the subject of what is to follow.

1st. Then I shall remark, that we often see an union take place between persons of very different ages. Now to this I would ascribe a great deal of that disagreement and unhappiness which we so frequently see, where peace and harmony should ever dwell: for where there is a great disparity in years, there must, in my opinion, be always a wide difference in temper and disposition. And it is what we must naturally look for, when we reflect upon the great change a few years make, both upon our bodily and mental powers. But, considering that females are marriageable sooner than males, might not one suppose that there should be some allowance made for them, and that a man may marry a woman a few years younger than himself? I think so, and am of opinion, that in such a case, there is greater hope of happiness than in a case immediately opposite. But what I think of greater importance comes now in the second place to be considered.

Hasty and inconsiderate attachments are too frequently formed, and such are often the causes of great distress and misery to the parties concerned. I know a young man, of unsullied morals, and of a quiet and peaceable disposition, who, when only nineteen years of age, was violently attached to a young woman, seven or eight years older than himself, and with whom he had been acquainted only a few

weeks. Their affection for one another was reciprocal. The young man thoughtlessly declared his passion, forgetful that though he held an honourable, yet he was in a dependant situation, and that it must have been many years before he could have supported a wife. Besides, he was altogether unacquainted with her family connections. All he knew of her was, that she was seemingly a kind, attentive young woman, and one who seemed to encourage his attentions and partiality towards her. The consequence of this inconsiderate attachment was, that the young man, after deep thought and serious consideration, was fully sensible of his error, and grieved at his mistake. He scarcely knew what to do. At last he thought it would be the best and wisest plan to acquaint the young lady with what had passed in his mind, which he did, and thereby occasioned her so much uneasiness, that she became very much indisposed. That, of course, made him miserable. But, still supposing his motives to be honourable and just, he told her, that, upon second thoughts, he was of opinion, that it would be better for both to relinquish the idea of an union, as the time was so distant and uncertain. There were a number of reasons besides, which, he said, he was certain he need not mention, as reflection and her own good sense would dictate these. He is again free, and told me he felt like one who had escaped some imminent danger, and hoped that it would teach him to be more cautious for the time to come.

I am acquainted with another gentleman who would give all he has in the world to get free of a woman, to whom he paid his addresses, after a very short acquaintance, supposing she loved him, and because he heard her father was able to give her something at her marriage. He was totally ignorant of her true heart and character; and now he finds he has been deceived in both, and yet he cannot pick up resolution to say he will have nothing more to do with her. This is certainly false delicacy. I deem that person weak and silly, who would, for the opinion of the world, much less for that of a few individuals, run into certain disquietude and misery. But I am sure I need not be multiplying instances; reason and common sense must tell every one, that they should be thoroughly acquainted with that

person whom they intend to be their partner for life. Whenever persons are about to go a journey, or make a voyage, we generally see them very desirous to know whom they will have for their companions, whether they be agreeable or disagreeable, of a good or bad character; and if they be of the latter description, they will, most probably, resolve to stay behind, until they have the prospect of more agreeable people for their fellow-travellers, or passengers. And in the great journey or voyage of life, have not all much greater claims to do nothing of which they have not well considered the end? Is it not their interest to be cautious in chusing a person for their friend and companion, on whom will depend their greatest happiness or misery in this world? And yet, alas! how many do we see act contrary to this rule, and marry, as it were, upon chance! I shall conclude, Mr. Editor, with advising all who are not caught in the net, not to form attachments rashly, but to consider well the temper and disposition of the person with whom they intend to pass their days. Marriage is a serious business, and requires serious consideration.

Yours respectfully,

R.

METEOR.

A VERY singular and brilliant meteor was seen by many of the inhabitants of London, in broad day-light, on Thursday afternoon, the 17th of July, just about eight o'clock, passing in the Southern and Western parts of the hemisphere, from S. E. to N. W. It seemed about one-fourth of the apparent diameter of the Moon, but more brilliant than Venus ever appears; and moved with very great swiftness nearly in an horizontal direction, leaving a conical tail of light and sparks behind it. We intreat our correspondents in the country to communicate any observations which they can collect on the course of this large and singular Meteor, and of its fall, if such should take place in Britain.

THE FOXES,

AN INDIAN TALE.

THE red fox and his relation, the grey fox, went together on an hunting party; they agreed to share the fatigues and profits of the chace. The grey fox undertook to provide lodgings, and to the red fox was allotted the procuring of provisions. The latter was perfectly acquainted with the country he had to explore, and, therefore, furnished his companion with every necessary information. "After having proceeded about half a day on your journey, you will discover," said he, "a plain, surrounded by some hills, which are placed towards the West; there, you must pass the night; place our little tent, and wait my arrival." The two foxes separated, and proceeded on their destinations. The red fox, after having been very successful in the chace, during the whole of the day, reached the place appointed; but not finding his companion, he returned the same road he came, in order to discover him. He walked a considerable time, and found his companion at a short distance from the place where they separated in the morning; he had fixed up his camp on the ice, in the middle of a lake, and in a position destitute of wood, water, and shelter. The grey fox excused himself, in alleging the difficulties of the country, which had made the road appear much longer than he thought it was; he imagined that the icy lake, which was covered with snow, was a plain, and that the rising hillocks on the West, the only things which could resemble hills, agreed perfectly with the instruction he had received.

The red fox smiled at his simplicity, and the other promised to be more attentive for the future, in his researches.

"To-morrow evening," said the red fox, in recommencing his instructions for their further progress, "we must fix our quarters in a good *wigwam*, in the middle of a forest, to the East of the mountains; proceed down the path without apprehension, and let every thing be prepared for the evening." The grey fox proceeded on his journey, and carefully followed the path till he arrived at a spot which had been recently burned up by the autumnal fires. Having deliberated an instant, and undetermined whether he

should wait for fresh information, he resolved on continuing his journey; and after having walked over the ground that had been burned, and in the midst of the dust and hot ashes, he accidentally found the open path. That path conducted him to an hunting encampment. The fox discovered from some appearances of the place that it was inhabited, or abandoned but a very short time, and resolved, in this doubtful case, not to venture further without the advice of his friend. He returned, therefore, over the ground he came, and after a tedious wandering, found the red fox in the hollow of a tree, quite near, but opposite the encampment. The red fox perceived instantly that his friend had been deceived, and that he had taken an hunting encampment for a *wigwam*, and therefore determined on going to meet him. Having approached a kind of cottage, he looked through a window, and perceived a great quantity of game suspended in a pantry, and secured by a door. A lighted fire in a room contiguous to the pantry, discovered to the red fox, across an opening, an old man, preparing supper for the huntsmen, who had not ventured from the chace; a fine piece of fat game hung to a peg near the place where the old man was seated. The red fox began to reflect; he thought that if he forced the door of the hut where the pantry was, the noise would give the alarm, and would endanger his safety; but if he attacked the inhabited hut, he would still be in more imminent danger; to counteract which, he concerted the following plan: he submitted to his companion whether he could not attack with safety the old man: "Seize," said he, "his throat, whilst I carry away the game, and when you have completely strangled him, follow me." The grey fox was desirous of retrieving, by some bold exploit, his former errors: he attacked courageously the old man: the surprise gave him at first the advantage; they rolled on the ground, tearing each other with the greatest fury. The poor fox, finding himself considerably weakened in the contest, and near being strangled, summoned all his agility and the little breath he retained, and escaped, almost killed, from the hands of his antagonist. At the moment the attack commenced, the red fox burst open the door of the other hut, and during the contest, succeeded in carrying away several pieces of game, and a quarter of a very fat bear. He gave

a part of his booty to his friend, the grey fox, to recompense him for the loss of a part of his skin, which was much torn. After having made the division, they went to repose themselves. Having reflected and calculated the morning after that the rich pantry of provisions which he had acquired would last much longer if entirely his own, than the property of two consumers, the red fox broke off the treaty. The grey fox took leave, reflecting on the nature of red foxes and hunting treaties; the night, at last, surprised him, and at the moment he was exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he found himself on the border of a lake, and remarked the footsteps of a man on the snow; the traces conducted him to a hole made in the ice, where the inhabitants of the neighbourhood had placed nets to fish. Excited by curiosity, the fox resolved to examine if fishing was fortunate for fishermen: having therefore withdrawn the nets, he put on one side what they contained, replaced them, loaded himself with as many fish as he could carry, and after having eaten as many as he could, he returned the same road he came, carefully following the footsteps of the man, in order to conceal his own on the snow, which was still soft. Having disencumbered himself from his provisions, he was preparing to go to rest, when he was accosted by a wolf, who, attracted by the smell, asked how he had been so fortunate as to catch so many fish; every thing indicated to him that he must have had an abundant and excellent repast. "Brother wolf," said the fox, who was fearful of his store of fish, "come with me, and I will shew you to do what I have done. You have nothing to do but follow my footsteps; they will lead you to a hole in the ice; sit down near the hole; you have a much finer tail than mine: put it into the water, and leave it for some time without stirring it; in a short time the fish will lay hold of it. When you imagine, by the weight, that you have sufficient attached to your tail, draw it suddenly away, and you will have enough to procure an ample repast. That was the means which procured me, at one attempt, as many fish as I possibly could eat; you will succeed much better than I did." The hungry wolf hearkened with much avidity; thanked his benefactor, and some moments afterwards, placed himself in a position to fish, having plunged his tail into the water. Notwithstanding

the severity of the cold, he remained a considerable time in that cruel situation, hoping that the weight of his tail would indicate to him the rich promised prize. At last, not finding his tail augment in weight, he thought the extreme cold would divest him of feeling, and resolved on seeing what he had taken. But what was his surprise when he found that the hole was completely frozen, his tail fastened to the ice, and all his efforts ineffectual to extricate it! Every moment augmented his hunger, and the cold increased his sufferings; his strength diminished; his prison consolidated itself more and more, and the jokes of the fox still added to his torments. The fishermen came in the morning: seeing the fish-bones the fox had scattered on every side, and taking the wolf in the act, they killed him with their axes. After having uselessly withdrawn their nets, and replaced them, they dragged the wolf to the shore. The fox lived in abundance during several days with the flesh of the wolf and his provision of fish; but the fishermen being on their guard, prevented him, by their vigilance, from profiting of their fishing.

He had, however, other resources; he had previously cured several geese, and bustards, who remained behind; he had also made more than one visit to a place where birds were accustomed to roost in the night: fearing that the noise might give alarm, he attacked more securely the place appointed for the provisions in the winter; and continued to feast sumptuously, till, approaching one night with his ordinary precaution, he perceived a person placed as a sentinel. The day after, the fox invited a cousin of his deceased friend, the wolf, to come and share the provisions which remained: having excited more than satisfied his appetite, he told him the manner he procured all these delicate things. The night following, when the man was at his post, the fox offered to conduct the wolf. He led him to the door of the hut, and retired. The alarm was instantly given; the door was shut, and the roaring of the wolf announced to his conductor the death of his credulous friend. The good people of the hut imagining to have destroyed the marauder who had so long pillaged them, relinquished their vigilance, and the fox found means to recommence his depredations, and continued them some

time; the decrease of provisions advised him, however, that fresh suspicions might occasion an increase of vigilance. Abandoning, therefore, that part of the country, after having eaten the bones of the wolf, he pursued his travels without any particular project, till he met, in an open road, a great machine, as large as an ordinary *wigwam*, drawn by a certain number of horses, and conducted by two men. As soon as the fox saw the men before this machine, he profited of the occasion to mount behind, and slide within. He remained there concealed, and feasting during the whole of the day: at night, collecting the things which were most pleasing to him, he dropt them gently one after the other on the road. Satisfied with his choice, he jumped out of the machine, collected his scattered plunder, and entered into a place of safety: he repeated this trick so often that the men entrusted with the horses, not knowing the thief, resolved on keeping themselves on their guard, and shut the waggon up in such a manner, that it was impossible for any thing to intrude itself. The fox had recourse to this stratagem: taking a circuit, he came considerably beyond the machine, and having rolled himself in the snow, filled his throat, ears, and nostrils with blood, which he extracted from a wound he had recently made in his leg; after having placed himself on the road, he retained his breath, shut his eyes, hung out his tongue, and shewed every symptoms of death. "Ah! how fortunate," cried one of the drivers of the waggon, as he approached, "here is a grey dead fox. We will put him into the waggon, and skin him when we stop to refresh ourselves." The fox played his part so well as to prevent the least suspicion, and was disposed of in the waggon to his entire satisfaction. Conceiving that this would be the last time he would have an opportunity of entering the waggon, he profited of the occasion, eat as much as he could, and escaped precisely at the moment the waggoners were about to refresh themselves. As soon as they discovered the flight of the fox, and that they had been pillaged of their provisions, they were panic-struck; after many absurd conjectures, they concluded that it was one of Machi-Manitoos tricks. The provisions the fox collected were sufficient to supply him a whole month. He then related his history to one of his friends, the wolves; and finding his

resources almost exhausted, he persuaded the wolf to adopt the means he had acted upon, and with such success. His friend was not difficult to be persuaded; he, therefore, counterfeited death, in the hopes of a great reward. When the drivers of the waggon, who were warned by what had happened, found him almost on the same spot where they caught the fox, they beat his head to pieces, as a just punishment for wishing to deceive them; his skin being of no value, they drove the waggon over him, and left him. The fox waited until no person was on the road. He then dragged on one side the prey which his cunning had procured him, and when hunger pressed him, he eat a part of the unfortunate wolf. Returning home one day, he observed in the road an hollow tree, where there was, as he thought, a great quantity of honey. He, therefore, addressed himself to a porcupine that was accidentally near him, and expressed to him his astonishment that the *King of the Gods*, having armed him with a thousand darts to resent a thousand stings, should suffer a few small bees to fix their swarms, as if to defy him. The porcupine, convinced of the insult, sallied forth his darts, and the fox immediately introduced him into the hollow tree. All the nation of bees were instantly under arms. All the warriors hurried to punish the aggressor; those who occupied the most remote parts of the habitation were the eagerest to reach the scene of action. Whilst the battle was deciding, the fox profited of the tumult, pierced the back of the tree on the opposite side of the opening, and carried away undiscovered, and secretly triumphing, the rich prey, the object of his desires, and the cause of the fight. As he retreated, loaded with treasure, he was perceived by a young bear, in fine condition, and whose experience was equal to his particular attachment for honey. "My dear cousin," said the fox, "I have not too much honey; but if you will follow me, and risk yourself a little, I will put you in the way to eat as much as you please." The bear followed the fox to the summit of an high and steep rock. "Here is a rich treasure," said the fox, looking at a very large nest of wasps suspended to the rocks, near the brink of the precipice; but you will never have sufficient agility and courage to take it away." The bear, exasperated at being suspected of cowardice, climbed

instantly to the top of the tree, a branch of which was near the rock, and darted with all his strength on the wasps nest; seizing it with his paws, he tore it from the rock, and rolled with his prey into the precipice. A thousand wasps then attacked him on every side: his roarings resounded down the rocks, and alarmed the forest; the stings of the wasps, in piercing his body, which was considerably mangled by the fall, penetrated their poison into his veins, and the unfortunate bear was soon among the number of the fox's victims. The fame of this exploit spread itself throughout the forest, and reached the ears of a panther, who invited herself to eat a part of the bear. "Sister," said the fox, to whom the appearance of the panther was not too agreeable, "I have a more noble prey in store than a young bear, and a prey worthy of your consequence; it is a well fed young horse, that is hanging dead in a neighbouring meadow; but he is so near his master's dwelling, that if you would wish to eat him directly, you will be perceived. I attempted last night to drag him from that place, and put him in a more secure place in the wood, by attaching my tail to his; but after having almost torn my tail off, I was obliged to renounce the project. If you would be kind enough to use your tail in the same enterprise, as it is long, supple, very strong, and proper for violent exercise, I am sure we shall succeed in the attempt; and will then eat together the young horse, who, at present, only excites our desires." The panther agreed to the advice of the fox, who conducted him into a savanna, where a horse was stretched out on the ground. Without making any observations, the panther turned his tail to the side of the horse, and allowed the fox to draw near. The fox having tied the two tails together, cried to the panther: "Sister, my work is done, commence yours." The panther began to pull with such violence that he drew the horse some distance; but his violence awoke the horse, who, until that moment, had slept profoundly. The frightened animal, finding himself confined, jumped up immediately. Events soon took a different turn; the horse galloped off with the utmost velocity, drew the panther away, and kicked him every moment with his hind feet. The astonished panther, in attempting to turn and seize the loins and sides of the horse, frightened and increased his

pace; thus the panther was most severely wounded. Sometimes his loins were assailed with numberless kicks; sometimes the kicks were given on his head and neck when she wished to turn it. The panther sometimes seized with her claws and teeth the heels and legs of the horse; but the latter, by his plunging, disentangled himself, and compelled the panther to quit her hold. The battle continued some time, notwithstanding its inequality. The panther never yielded; supple, furious and full of life, she appeared to animate the combat, notwithstanding the most terrible blows from the horse, and it would sometimes have been thought that she would have conquered. The fox, at last, by a sudden noise, turned the course of the horse across rocks and broken down trees, where the continual jolts and deep wounds the panther received divested her of the little life she retained. The grey fox, proud of this exploit, invited the red fox, who had returned from his travels, to partake of the panther, who was still bleeding. The red fox accepted, but reserved, however, the best of the provisions, which he had brought from his excursions, to be provided when he had no invitations. He always preserved his ancient advantages over his companion, and was well persuaded that, notwithstanding the claims his friend might have to superiority among every other class of animals, that he would never obtain a distinguished rank among the nation of foxes.

T. B. B.

ANECDOTE.

ALPHONSO, king of Arragon, was one day admiring the different articles in his jeweller's shop, with many of his favourite women. He had scarcely left the house, when the jeweller missed a diamond of great value, and ran after him, complaining of the theft. The king, not willing publicly to disgrace any of his attendants, commanded a large bason, full of sand, to be brought him, into which he made each of his women put her hand clinched, and draw it out flat. By this means the diamond was left in the sand, unknown by whom.

FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE great design of this work* was to take an accurate survey of the whole extent of the intellectual world; to review the state of knowledge, as it then stood, in its several branches, in order to discover how far science had been successfully prosecuted, and what improvements might still be made for the benefit of mankind; and to point out general methods for the correction of error, and the advancement of knowledge. The author, following the division of nature into the three faculties of the soul, memory, imagination, and understanding, classes all knowledge under three general heads, corresponding to these faculties, history, poetry, philosophy. Philosophy he considers as the universal science, which is the parent of all others, and divides it into three branches; that which treats of God, or natural theology; that which treats of nature, or natural philosophy; and that which treats of man, or human and civil philosophy. Natural philosophy he distributes into speculative and operative; including, under the former head, physics, which treat of the general principles of nature, of the frame of the world, and of distinct bodies, and their common or peculiar properties; and metaphysics, which treat of forms and final causes: and comprehending under the latter, mechanics, as deduced from general physical causes; and magic, or the knowledge of peculiar properties and powers in nature, and of their application to produce unusual effects. Mathematics he considers as an appendage to natural philosophy. The philosophy of human nature he views generally and specially; generally, as it respects the whole man, liable to miseries, or possessing prerogatives, and as regarding the mutual connection and influence of the mind and body; specially, as it respects human nature divided into body, the subject of medicinal, cosmetic, athletic, and voluptuary arts; and soul, whether rational or sensible, with its various faculties, their use and objects; and, as it respects civil life, comprehending conversation, negociation, and government. Under the head of "The Use

* His Treatise on the Advancement of Learning.

and Objects of the Faculties of the Mind," he includes logic, comprehending inquiry or invention, examination or judgment, custody or memory, and elocution or tradition, in all the forms of speech and writing; and ethics, treating of the nature of good, simple, or comparative, and of the culture of the mind, respecting its natural or accidental characters, and its affections and distempers. To all this the author adds a discourse concerning the limits and use of human reason in matters divine. From this brief analysis of this excellent work, the reader may in some measure perceive with what compass of thought, and strength of judgment, Bacon examined the whole circle of sciences; and if the treatise be carefully perused, as it ought to be by every one who is desirous of methodizing and enlarging his conceptions on the general objects of science, the reader will not fail to admire the active and penetrating genius of the author, who could alone discover so many things, of which former ages had been ignorant, and hold up to posterity a light, by which they have been so successfully guided into new fields of science. The numerous *desiderata* which he has suggested in almost every branch of science, have furnished hints to succeeding philosophers, which have greatly contributed towards the leading object of all his philosophical labours, the advancement of learning.

Bacon was now desirous of becoming a faithful and useful guide to others in the pursuit of knowledge, by pointing out to them the best method of employing their reasoning faculties on the several objects of philosophy; and for this purpose wrote his *Novum Organum*, a treatise which the author himself esteemed the most valuable of his works. Rejecting the syllogistic method of reasoning as a mere instrument of scholastic disputation, which could not be applied with any advantage to the study of nature, he attempts, in this work, to substitute in its stead the method of induction, in which natural objects are subjected to the test of observation and experiment, in order to furnish certain facts as the foundation of general truths. By this expedient he hoped to remove those obstructions to the progress of knowledge, the prejudices (called by our author *Idolæ*) arising from ancient authority, from false methods of reasoning, or from the natural imbecility of the human mind. Physical experiment, the ORGAN, or instrument which he

proposed for the investigation of nature, he considered as the only effectual method of drawing men off from those uncertain speculations, which, contributing nothing towards discovering the true nature of things, only serve to bewilder the imagination, and confound the judgment. For the particular precepts which Bacon prescribed for this purpose, we must refer the reader to the work itself, which will amply repay the labour of a diligent perusal. The great number of new turns which the author introduces, and the complex mode of arrangement which he adopts, cast indeed some degree of obscurity over the work, and have perhaps rendered it less useful than it would otherwise have been: but the reader who has the courage to overcome these difficulties will meet with many excellent observations, which may materially contribute, even in the present advanced state of natural knowledge, to the improvement of science. But the principal value of this work is, that it represents, in the most lively colours, the nature, the strength, and the mischievous effects of prejudice, and lays open the various circumstances which have, in all ages, hindered the free and successful pursuit of knowledge.

The way being thus prepared, Bacon applied himself chiefly to the improvement of that branch of philosophy, which best suited his inclination, physics; and though he did not attempt to frame a system of natural philosophy, he wrote several treatises, which contain original observations on various branches of natural science, but are chiefly valuable as a pattern to posterity of the manner in which these researches should be pursued. His philosophical treatises are, of Words; of Rarefaction and Condensation; of Sympathy; of Life and Death; of The Three Chemical Principles; of Bodies, heavy and light; on speculative and essential Physics; Description of the Intellectual World; Plan of the Heavens; on the Tides; the Philosophy of Parmenides, Telesius, and Democritus; Indications for the Interpretation of Nature; of the Wisdom of the Ancients; a History of Nature; and a new Atlantis. Besides these, he wrote several moral, political, and historical pieces, somewhat obscure in expression, but full of profound thought and just reflection, and worthy of an attentive and frequent perusal. This latter class of his writings is enlivened with examples, narratives,

apopthegms, similes, and many other decorations. His entire works have been published in England, Holland, and Germany.

The only thing to be regretted in the writings of Bacon is, that he has increased the difficulties necessarily attending his original and profound researches, by too freely making use of new terms, and by loading his arrangement with an excessive multiplicity and minuteness of divisions. But an attentive and accurate reader, already not unacquainted with philosophical subjects, will meet with no inseparable difficulties in studying his works; and if he be not a wonderful proficient in science, will reap much benefit, as well as pleasure, from the perusal. In fine, Lord Bacon, by the universal consent of the learned world, is to be ranked in the first class of modern philosophers. He unquestionably belonged to that superior order of men, who, by enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, have been benefactors to mankind; and he may not improperly be styled, on account of the new track of science which he explored, the Columbus of the philosophical world.

LE MELANGE.

IT is a very frequent, but very disgraceful practise with inconsiderate people, to use the word "*old*" as a term of contempt or opprobrium. That silly actions performed by elderly persons are rendered doubly ridiculous, I readily admit; as it might naturally be expected that experience would have prevented them from falling into those errors which are incidental to youth; but it is not of their actions I would now speak. Old age is a period to which we all look forward with hope, and therefore we should respect it in others. One motive above all appears to me *irresistible;* namely, the reflection that it presents us with a delightful opportunity (which *till then* cannot have arrived) of returning the kindness, attention, and solicitude shewn to us from our earliest infancy. The debt is of *long account;*—the claimant is *a parent;*—the demand is *gratitude.* A crowd surrounded a carriage at the corner of the street:—inquiry

was made into the cause: the answer was, "O! nothing; only somebody ran over." "Only somebody ran over! what do you mean? who is it?"—"O! only a little old woman, in a red cloak!!!" I am ashamed to say that I smiled. I was suddenly betrayed into it by the unexpected folly of the reply; but the smile was soon succeeded by feelings of sorrow and regret at the thoughtless indifference and want of susceptibility in some of my young countrymen. I soon indulged in feelings of a more gratifying nature by the perusal of the following narrative, and little poem.

In the year 1791, died Jonathan Hartop, of the village of Aldborough, in Yorkshire, aged 148. His father and mother died of the plague, at their house, in the Minories, in the year 1666; and he perfectly well remembered the great fire of London. He had been married five times, and left seven children; twenty-six grand-children; seventy-four great grand-children, and one hundred and forty great-great-grand-children. He could read to the last without spectacles, and play at cribbage with the most perfect recollection. On Christmas day, 1789, he walked nine miles to dine with one of his great-grand-children.

AGE.

A SONNET.

CALM is the eve of Life, when to the mind
Wakes the sweet scene of retrospective joy:
The happy grandsire clasps his cherub boy,
His youth the dawn of virtue pleas'd to find.

The infant girl his aged partner sees;
Her daughter's loveliness delights to trace
In ev'ry feature of its smiling face,
While both in frolic gambol round their knees.

Their hearts feel pleasure's renovating glow,
And conscience dares pronounce the rapture pure;
For lives of early piety secure
The greatest bliss creation can bestow—

To meet each moment as it were the last;
Trusting the future; happy in the past.

WHEN General V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar-woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh tales of distress. At last the general's patience and his lady's charity were nearly exhausted, but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning, at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began, "Ah! my lady! success to your ladyship, and success to his honor's honor, this morning, of all days in the year; for sure did not I dream last night, that her ladyship gave me a pound of *tea*, and that your honor gave me a pound of *tobacco*." "But, my good woman," said the general, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?" "Do they so, plase your honor?" rejoined the old woman, "then it must be your honor that will give me *the tea*, and her ladyship that will give me *the tobacco*."

A COUNTRY sculptor being desired to put as an inscription on a tomb-stone this line from the book of Proverbs, viz.

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband,"

omitted to take the due proportion for each word; so finding that the first *half line* took up more space than *half the width of the stone*, wrote an abbreviation for "a crown," and made the line complete thus:

"A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband."

WHY was Titian's (the painter) fat daughter, Mary, like the late William Pitt?

Because she was the *great* Polly-Titian (Politician).

ON A BROTHER AND SISTER, BOTH EXTREMELY FAIR, BUT EACH HAVING LOST AN EYE.

An eye both Lycidas and Julia want,
Yet both are fairer than the gods above;
Could'st thou, sweet youth, thine eye to Julia grant,
Thou would'st be Cupid, she the Queen of Love.

IT was a matter of serious complaint against an eminent tallow-chandler, that after his candles were burned down to the middle, not one of them would burn any longer. He was at first grievously enraged at what he deemed a gross falshood; but the same evening he tried the experiment at home, and found it to be a fact, "that when burned to the middle, neither candle would burn *any longer*."

WHEN I sent you my melons, you cried out with scorn,
They ought to be *heavy*, and *wrinkled* and *yellow*;
When I offered *myself*, whom those graces adorn,
You flouted, and call'd me an ugly old fellow.

MR. Thomas Fuller, B. D. had an astonishing good memory, insomuch that he could name, in order, all the signs on both sides the way, from the beginning of Paternoster-Row, at Ave-Maria Lane, to the bottom of Cheapside; and that he could dictate to five different writers at the same time, on as many various subjects. This gentleman making a visit to a committee of sequestrators sitting at Waltham, in Essex, they soon fell into a discourse and commendation of his great memory; to which Fuller replied, "'Tis true, gentlemen, that fame has given me the name of a memorist, and I shall be happy to give you a specimen of it." They willingly accepted his offer, laid aside their business, and begged him to begin.—"Gentlemen," said he, "you have thought fit to sequester an honest but poor clergyman, my neighbour, from his living, and have committed him to prison: he has a great charge of children, and his circumstances are very indifferent; if you please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, *I will never forget the kindness while I live.*" It is said that this address had such an influence with the committee, that they immediately released the poor clergyman.

A YOUNG lady of beauty and fashion tripping gaily into a library at Brighton, said to a young man behind the

counter, "Sir, I want some excellent and interesting new novel—pray have you 'Man as *he is*?'" "No, Madam," replied the other, with a half-checked smile, "but I have 'Woman as she *should be*.'"

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM WILLSON, A TROUBLESOME BORROWER.

HERE lies the body of W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

EPITAPH ON A MAN KILLED BY A SKY-ROCKET.

HERE lie I,
Whom a sky-
-Rocket hit in the eye.

EPITAPH ON A PUBLICAN, BURIED IN A CHURCH YARD OPPOSITE TO HIS HOUSE.

HERE lies the body of W. A.
Lately remov'd from over the way.

A LETTER FROM A MARRIED LADY IN TOWN TO HER FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I THANK you heartily for your kind inquiries after Mr. Jenkins, and the rest of my family. Our son John, and daughter Eliza, are in good health, but as to our daughter Carolina, she is, beyond doubt, a most extraordinary being. It is with the utmost candour I inform you, that she has lately shewn a strong propensity to drinking; and when she can get at her favorite liquor she seems perfectly happy; she has not any appetite for solids, nor has she eat an ounce since she came to town, which was on the 25th November

last. There is no such thing as reasoning with her on this subject; her friends, indeed, do not attempt to advise her, knowing it would be but lost labour. She has as many ridiculous airs as a woman of quality, and more attendants than her brother, notwithstanding she is single: (apropos, it is my opinion, that if she does not alter her conduct in many respects, no man will be troubled with her). She sleeps at least half her time, and keeps more irregular hours than her father. When we talk seriously to her, she seems to listen, but shews no marks of contrition: from the general tenor of her conduct it is but too evident, that she has not the least respect for us. She is often, in appearance, thoughtful, but never communicates the objects which engage her attention. She is sometimes very angry without any apparent cause; and at others, as placid, we know not why. I will not say that she wants charity, yet I never knew a tale of distress draw a tear from her, and I think she would not lose an hour's amusement to serve her best friends. Applause or censure she treats with equal indifference: she is often rather indecent, even before strangers. When she converses, that delicacy which is an ornament to our sex is quite laid aside, and I never saw the least appearance of a blush upon her countenance. She is, it is true, sometimes liberal, but bestows her favors in so imprudent a manner, that they are frequently received without thanks. Notwithstanding all these foibles, she has some good qualities, and it is but justice that they should be mentioned, in order to balance the account. In the first place, she is not ambitious, for she covets no more than she has a right to possess. She is chaste as ice, and treats all men with equal indifference. If she now and then, from an impetuosity of disposition, interrupts conversation, it is without any intention of offending. She never lays her head upon her pillow with resentment in her mind, nor suffers uneasiness from the recollection of past injuries; and, as she treats her friends without ceremony, she is not offended at the want of it in others. But, alas! what are all her virtues while she continues so fond of her bottle! —a practice from which even the rhetoric of Cicero would not persuade her to desist. However, I hope we shall be able to give a better account of this extraordinary girl in a

short time, as there must soon be an alteration for the better or worse; I hope the former.

Adieu, my dear friend,

Your's, most truly,

CAROLINA EUPHENIA SOPHIA JENKINS.

P. S. I had almost forgotten to inform you that she is six weeks old to-morrow.

THE MONTHLY ESSAYISTS.

No II.

Science is valuable but as a commodity in traffic: take from the learned the pleasure of being heard, and their love of knowledge would vanish. They do not study to obtain wisdom, but the reputation of it.

ROUSSEAU.

TOBIAS QUIZZEM TO THE EDITOR.

RESPECTS, kindest friend, for inserting my description of our club at full length, and for printing my name in large characters; though it is not the first time I have appeared in print, yet I can assure you I was never seen with greater honor, or with greater advantage: and to shew you how grateful I am, I will oblige you with some of my own lucubrations, and will endeavour this time to occupy a whole paper to myself, for I have a plaguy deal to tell you about a certain set of mortals whom I have nick-named *the Echoes.*

The first whom I shall describe, is Count Echo, that is, Mr. ———: I had nearly out with it.—He'll know I mean him, when he sees this, as most probably he will.—The Count is a man, Sir, blest (shall I call it *blest?*) with a good memory, and at the same time with a very bad one: but however comical and queer this conundrum may seem, yet it is most certainly true, and you'll say so too, when you shall hear——His memory is so good, that it readily treasures up other men's opinions—but, alas! so treacherous, that he vends them as his own in the next company he

meets, and will vouch their originality in contradiction to the best authority, and in despite of the greatest conviction; or will vindicate them in this way—"Bless my soul, can't any one think as well as he?"—"had'nt we forsooth understandings? beside, men in different nations, without any possibility of communication, have expressed the same thoughts nearly in the same words, although in different languages.—And did'nt *Whatshisname*, the poet, and myself, write exactly the same words, in the verse of a poem? Don't you recollect, I said it was mine—he swore it was his—and what with word and word we nearly came to fisty cuffs, had not Jack Rover parted us, who declared it was an extraordinary coincidence."——

But what's worse than all, he will swear a man out of his own joke, even before his own face.—I am aware this is a figure in Dean Swift's system of punning, yet Echo does it in better style. He will also frequently detract from the merit of a good pun with such common-place nonsense as this—"It's as plain as the nose on one's face, and a nose is a nose all the world over, who does'nt know that?"

He is also not unfrequently the self-made hero of any curious tale; and I have heard him declare himself the true adventurer to all Joe Miller's jests, though they were written before he was born.

"Every dog has his day:" Hah, and, as the saying is, "The pitcher does'nt go so often to the well but it comes home broken at last," and so it proved with Echo. When we dined together in company at a friend's house, as soon as the cloth was removed, the grateful toast, "The volunteers of the united kingdom," was drank with enthusiastic applause; from which, as is most generally the case, a conversation arose on military matters.—A gentleman at table observed, "that red-haired men were the best troops in the world."—"Why, why, Sir?" cries Echo: "because be where they will, they have their *fire-locks* with them." All laughed but Echo; he, I saw, cast an envious glance towards the gentleman.—It so happened that in the course of a few days we dined together with another party. The same toast was drank. Echo thought it high time to shew off: "In my opinion, gentlemen, your carroty-haired men make the best soldiers." "Indeed! why, Sir?" "Because they always

have their *fire-arms* with them," cries Echo, and roared out a horse laugh for about five minutes: "dont you take it,—dont you take it?" "No, really, Sir," was the reply. "We want a key for our locks." Echo muttered, "Locks, locks, fire-locks—ah, ah, *fire-locks* I meant;" but the quiz was against him; and the circumstances of the joke from his general character being known, he was dubbed *nem. con.* COUNT ECHO.

Now there is another Mr. Echo, who, for distinction sake, I call *Fal lal tit*, or *Tit fal lal*: he's what is generally known by the name of the ladies' gentleman. A man that can make profound remarks on hemming, sewing, stiching; can draw a fancy-pattern, or form a work-basket with admirable dexterity, or occasionally turn over the leaf of a music book, while a lady plays with a "charming," "excellent," "bravo," or even "bravissimo." Now let any persons say what they will, he is sure to commend, sanction, or applaud, like an echo at a distance, with a "hah," "hum," or with a kind of a sound not exactly, but something like the last syllable in every sentence with a significant nod of the head. Certainly, is his respondence to every question, though it sometimes unfortunately comes out too soon, but then is generally backed with "really, ma'am (or Sir) I did'nt hear what you said."

Echoing is twin-brother to what I call quackery, or, in plain English, self-praise, and as there are quacks in most connections, I will give you some idea of one; and when I shall have told you how the epithet quack arose, you will not wonder at my classing echoing and quackery together. The quack is one who will tell you at such a place *he* did so and so, and that such an invention or improvement originated with *him*, beside a thousand other little nonsenses all about *I* myself *I*; or that Mr. I do know who, "pays him such a compliment, but really it shocks one's modesty to hear such things said of ones self, or one must doubt his sincerity."—Now the term *quack* arose from a boy bellowing up and down the street, "My master cures all disorders," while the master followed close at the boy's heels, and answered, "*the boy speaks truth.*" Echoing and quackery may be deemed synonymous in another sense, both being empty sounds, and seem to convey a reality that they

really have not. As for the wisdom of such sounds, the African has a better opinion of them than myself, and attaches great importance to quack, quack, as will appear from this anecdote:—Residing on the sea shore, their habitations are frequently pillaged by the crews of vessels passing: before a negro leaves his hut in a morning, he addresses his live stock thus: "When you see blackee man, tand tiff, but if you spy whitee dog, run like the devil." When speaking of the use and qualities of their different fowl, they say, "Turkey be foolish bird, when sailor rogue come, cry pee, pee; but ducky bird be wiser, and cry, quack, quack."

But there is another species of quacking, that is of recent date; and as this mode of publishing self-praise is so ridiculous, it may be well to mention it. This is what I call "*literary echoing*," or great cry and little wool. It is brought about by a man who tells you he will sell you a book at a stated price; well, let's say "half a crown;" the next thing is, that such a part is worth so much, and such a thing so much, so that upon the whole he makes it worth nearly eight half crowns. Such literary quackery has so much affinity to a mountebank doctor's tale, that I cannot refrain relating it.

The doctor visits his native town, and proclaims that he will on such a day give to all that like, a crown. The day arrives. The rustics attend in crowds; nothing is heard or thought of but the crown. The doctor mounts his stage, repeats his intentions, and after expressing much respect and loving kindness towards his fellow townsmen, exhibits his nostrum, and exclaims: "This packet is the true arcanum of life (here repeating its wonderful effects); and it usually sells for seven shillings and sixpence, and is worth double that sum, but each of you shall have a packet for two and sixpence, and thus do I keep my promise, giving each that likes a crown—nay more, the means of keeping your bodies in health." The bait was not swallowed, so the doctor was disappointed.

Posthumous echoing being very common, it might not be improper here to notice it, and lament that a man must be absolutely dead before his good qualities are known. Mankind in general, as Sir Solomon Optic would say, use a microscope in viewing their own and other men's actions,

but the misfortune is, they use the side that magnifies whilst looking at their own, but the side that diminishes while exploring their neighbours: then making comparison, their own being the standard, they will not allow any thing like merit; but when a man of genius is dead, they enhance his fame to increase their own, or to shew the world how capable they are of judging. Another reason may be adduced why competitors, dreading rivalship, detract from each others merit: but I am inclined to attribute the general source of such calumny to those pigmies in science who, not being capable of any thing great themselves, attempt to depreciate the endeavours of others, that comparison with their own may not be so strikingly different.

How many men of extraordinary talents have pined in hopeless penury, unpitied and unknown; but no sooner had death relieved their calamities, than all have allowed them that merit which, whilst living, they withheld! Need I have recourse to the examples of the Grecian and Roman philosophers? need I mention the great Homer, who lived a wandering mendicant, or the sweetly-singing Virgil, scarcely known while in existence; but when fate had closed his eyes, cities disputed, nay even fought, for the honor of his birth place? no, my own country will afford many, alas! too many, sufficiently striking; Otway, Butler, Savage, Chatterton, and many more to swell the gloomy catalogue.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
"The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
"Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

GRAY.

I was insensibly led into these observations, by the remarks of a sturdy son of the sea, in a church-yard: it was a kind of soliloquy, something to this purport:

I does'nt now so much wonder, though by —— I often have, why I hav'nt met with your good kind of men and women since I have been here ashore—but by —— I have found 'em out at last—no wonder, there's none in your streets, alleys, lanes, and places—for here they are, all stowed under hatches;—come, come, let's read a bit—here, d'ye see, "lies Margaret Bliss," very true—oh, she's a good

and virtuous wife.—Hah, and John Bliss, he's an honest man. What good kind of people must have lived fifty years ago!

SIGMA.

St. George's East.

THE WHITE SERJEANT.

(Continued from p. 68.)

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Hey day! in the heroicks! your love is too ardent, I fear, Captain, to pass over the course of matrimony without any abatement of its speed.

Capt. Fitz. Rather say it will increase towards the end: possessed of thee, I should become the most domesticated animal in the world; quit all gay companions, and centre all thoughts of happiness in thee: I think I see you sitting with me by a chearful fire on a cold winter's evening, surrounded by all the matrimonial comforts imagination can paint; I think I see ——

Maria. Yes, and I think I see you just recovering from your afternoon's nap, yawning out an indistinct note for your supper, and inwardly cursing your stars for not continuing the sweet oblivion by which you was shut out from the inquietude of your family.

Capt. Fitz. You see this, you little gipsey, do you?

Maria. Then rising from your seat, and stretching yourself out thus, whilst repeating the inquiry, you take your hat, on not finding it accord with your desires, and in a tavern seek for an antidote to the *ennui* your listless life at home subjects you to. I don't like the picture, Captain, so I think I'll remain single.

Capt. Fitz. Faith now, you put me in mind of a gentleman of Tipperary, who starved himself to death, for fear he should choke himself with eating. But, sincerely speaking, what is the wisest plan for us to pursue? how stands your uncle affected towards me?

Maria. Why truly, your fascinating manners have got you into favor with him, as well as my aunt; you assist the

old lady in all her follies, by which you have obtained her goodwill.

Capt. Fitz. Which, by the bye, is no inconsiderable point in this family.

Maria. And then by informing him of them, and railing at her extravagance, you have also gained his confidence.

Capt. Fitz. Faith now, our affairs appear as favorable as we could wish: I'll go this instant, inform your uncle——

Maria. Stay, not so fast; it will require some management to obtain consent from them both, for sweet contradiction seems to be the delight of their lives: besides, it is my wish it should be kept secret some time longer.

Capt. Fitz. Secret! by the powers, there is not another woman in this great big town, but would be proud to own Captain Fitzwater.

Maria. But I am sure, Captain, you'll indulge me in this instance; women are allowed to have strange whims sometimes.

Capt. Fitz. Faith, you may say that: for this, to my thinking, is one of the strangest.

Maria. Some one's coming this way—Emily, as I live! what can possibly be the meaning of her returning so soon? do, Captain, just step into this closet, I would not have her see us together for the world.

Capt. Fitz. A closet!—Ah! that I will, I was always at home in a closet. (*Exit into the closet.*

Enter EMILY.

Maria. My dear cousin, how came you to return so soon?

Emily. Sir Flippant has got into a conversation with some friends of his at the door, which promises to last some time; do step down, my dear, and see if he is disengaged. (*Exit Maria.*

Moubray's behaviour has discomposed me for the whole evening; I feel unwell; I must endeavour to excuse myself from going.

Enter MOUBRAY.

Moubray. Not gone yet, Emily what detains you at home?

Emily. Your conduct this evening, Moubray, was sufficient to take away any idea of pleasure I had promised myself.

Moubray. Let me intreat of you to forget it; I am indeed ashamed of myself, when I think of my folly: my temper was irritated by some other circumstance. I am convinced of my error, Emily.

Emily. Well, well, 'tis forgotten; but you must inform me what it was, that could so ruffle your temper.

Moubray. Some other time. Let me request you will not disappoint your company. By going, convince me of your forgiveness.

Emily. Well, be it so, but I shall look with anxiety for the promised explanation. (*Exit.*

Moubray. On how frail a foundation is our happiness built! the slightest circumstance can shake or destroy it: 'twas thus I thought thee false, Emily, but could not endure the thought; it would not permit me to rest, till I had obtained forgiveness for the injury I had done thee.—I hear some one coming this way; should it be her father, it will overthrow my whole plan; here seems a door; I'll just step in. (*Opens the door, and discovers the Captain*). Confusion!

Capt. Fitz. Faith, you may say that a British soldier must be put in confusion, ere he'd attempt to fight in ambush.

Re-enter EMILY.

Emily. I had forgot to mention—Captain Fitzwater here, and concealed!—

Moubray. Captain Fitzwater, you'll hear from me: I shall expect satisfaction.

Capt. Fitz. Faith, you shall have it. Dennis Fitzwater was ever known to give satisfaction, both to man and woman. (*Exit.*

Moubray. Oh, Emily!

Emily. Suspend but your anger for a time, and I have no doubt but I shall be able to discover the cause of the Captain's concealment: but, at present, I assure you I am entirely ignorant of it.

Moubray. Madam, you are at full liberty to use your own discretion. (*Exit.*

Emily. How provoking! still resolute on being his own tormenter. I fear some mischief may happen, if he should meet with the Captain. Stay, I'll call him back, and endeavour to appease him.

MRS. M'TEAZEM *without.*

I tell you once again, Mr. M'Teazem, I will never consent to enter; that man will never let me have a moment's peace of my life; he has always got some unaccountable thing or other in his head.

Emily. What is the matter, Madam? you seem disturbed.

Mrs. M'Teaz. Why that wretch is enough to discompose my whole system: he will always contradict me, when he knows I detest it: and what do you think it's all about? he has got some odious fellow he wants to introduce here; he that went with his regiment to the Indies, when the match was proposed between you and him some time back.

Emily. What! is Mr. Morley now in England?

Mrs. M'Teaz. Oh, don't let that alarm you: for never, whilst I have the prerogative of speech, will I give my consent to the fellow's coming into the family.—I dare say the brute put me into this flutter on purpose to prevent my going out this evening, but I'll disappoint him: where is Sir Flippant? I'll go, if it's only to vex him. Come, Emily. Oh, I'll ring such a peal in his ears this night! (*Exeunt.*

(*To be continued.*)

ANECDOTE.

A LOVING spouse once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for his wife's eyes, which were very sore. "Let her wash them," said the doctor, "every morning, with a small glass of brandy." A few weeks after, the doctor chanced to meet the husband. "Well, my friend, has your wife followed my advice?" "She has done every thing in her power to do it, doctor," said the spouse, "but she never could get the glass higher than her *mouth.*"

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

AT this season of the year, nothing can be more delightful than to study the opening flowers, whether in the fields or the gardens; and even where situation forbids such advantages, a few flower-pots at a window may furnish both amusement and instruction to a contemplative Mind.

Having myself a garden, well filled with plants, both indigenous and exotic, I spend many hours every day among my vegetable beauties; and lately I have with much pleasure attended to the evening primrose, a biennial plant, which growing to the height of five or six feet, unfolds a succession of fine yellow blossoms, for weeks together, which open about the close of day, and dying away the following morning, are succeeded by others, equally beautiful, and equally short-lived. It is curious to observe the petals as they open, and the spring or force with which the calyx flies back to allow them to expand. Langhorne well describes this ornament of the garden, and happily moralizes on its qualities, in the following beautiful lines:

There are that love the shades of life,
And shew the splendid walks of fame;
There are that hold it rueful strife,
To risk ambition's losing game;
That, far from envy's livid eye,
The fairest flowers of genius rear;
Content to see them bloom and die
In friendship's small, but kindly sphere.
Than vainer flowers though sweeter far,
The EVENING PRIMROSE shuns the day;
Blooms only to the western star,
And loves its solitary ray. FLORA.

MAC— BLUNDER.

(Continued from page 87.)

THE Lord Sheffield was delayed until nearly the last ship, in the hope of our seeing Mac— and the cow; and we thought him a tedious time before he returned. At length the anchor was up, and the sails spread. We now looked

anxiously to the shore. The day was wearing away, and no Mac—, no cow appeared. The captain could not, dared not, wait any longer. Quickly, therefore, we were under weigh, and had only the hope that Mac— and the boat might steer direct for St. Helens, and meet us as we advanced from the Mother-bank. But still, poor fellow! he remained in great tribulation upon the shore. No boat could be had; and the only ray of hope conveyed to him was from a remark of the boatmen, that, as many of the ships were getting out to sea, some of the boats could not fail to be soon back. He caught eagerly at this idea, which, plain and simple as it was, had not once suggested itself to his mind, and, appropriating it with all the sanguine feelings of his nature, again hailed the certainty of soon overtaking us.

Presently a boat arrived, but it was only a small one with oars. Still a boat it was, and Mac—, without considering whether or not it was fit for his purpose, impulsively ran down and jumped into it, calling to the men to take him to the Lord Sheffield. This, they observed, was impossible; for, even if they had time to reach her, which they had not, their boat could not live so far out at sea as where the ship would be before they could come up with her. This was a sad blow to his revived expectations, and he pressed the men to engage in the attempt, making them great offers of reward; but they were inflexible, and advised him, as his only chance, to wait until a lugger, or some larger boat with sails should come in.

The poor cow still lay quietly masticating her food upon the sands; and Mac—, in great fatigue, and all the chagrin of disappointment, sat himself down, less patiently, to ruminate a more bitter cud.

Other small boats arrived; but the men who came in them offered the same objections as the former, and but little encouraged the faint hope of even a lugger being able to come up with the fleet, so rapidly were the ships getting out to sea.

But Mac— saw no difficulty, provided he could only prevail upon the crew of any boat to take him from the shore. He still looked towards us, and still fancied that he distinguished our ship lying-to, waiting for him and the cow.

Again and again he solicited the boatmen to take him off, either with or without the cow. But all was unavailing; the ships would necessarily be at sea before the boats could get near them; and to overtake the Lord Sheffield was absolutely impossible. Poor Mac— at length began to discover that he had proceeded rashly, and without well calculating the means of success: but he still cursed the unconscious cow, and abused the fates for the loss of his passage and his baggage.

Thus it ever is with the improvident—whether regarding his time, his fortune, or his pursuits. The errors of imprudence he never fails to attribute to misfortune, and he unjustly charges upon the fates what is only the result of his own folly or neglect. And here, my friend, I cannot but remark how common it is to others, as well as to our thoughtless Mac——, to quarrel with misfortune, whenever they are overtaken by the consequences of their misconduct. No important personage is so unhandsomely, or so unjustly treated, as that poor, and modest young lady, Miss-*fortune*. All the errors, and even the crimes of those indiscreet damsels Miss-*usage*, and Miss-*conduct*, are laid to her charge; and, however frequently, however grievously the imprudent suffer from committing themselves to the guidance of these deceitful jilts, still are they so infatuated as to prostrate themselves at their feet, and blindly attribute all the ills they suffer from them, to the more chaste, and innocent Miss-*fortune*. How often do the unthinking and the profligate cry aloud against misfortune, for bringing upon them the evils, which were the plain and necessary consequence of their own folly, or depravity; and which even the smallest share of common discretion, might, with the utmost certainty, have prevented!

If, instead of thoughtlessly blundering into various and unnecessary delays, our hurrying Mac— had first engaged a proper vessel for taking off the cow, or even detained the boat which had carried him on shore, he might have saved himself the accumulated vexation, fatigue, and anxiety which were the natural effect, and the necessary sequel of his method of proceeding; and not, as he insisted, of misfortune.

He now began to perceive, that he was left in England,

with all his clothes and baggage gone to the West Indies, and forgetting, for a moment, his present difficulties—— forgetting the cow, and all around him, he sunk into pensive contemplation, upon the various evils which might follow, when he was suddenly roused by the cry of "a lugger, a lugger, here comes a lugger." It made no part of Mac—'s character to lose time in useless bewailings. If a new path presented itself, however rugged or impassable—— if but the slightest opening occurred, however faint the gleam of light admitted, he hastily pursued it, dashing heedlessly on to his object.—Hence on hearing that a lugger was in sight, sanguine hope again assumed the form of certainty, and without a moment of hesitation, to weigh probabilities, he resolved, at all hazards, in defiance of all doubts, and at whatever expense, to take off the cow in the lugger, the moment it reached the shore. The vessel was accordingly hailed as it came in, and the men were desired not to let go the anchor, but to "take the gentleman and the cow on board, and return immediately to the fleet." The crew expressed many apprehensions of not being able to reach the ship; and demanded an exorbitant sum, even to make the attempt. Mac— would hear no objections: there could be no obstacle——no difficulty! He would give them any reward; and go they must. "Take me and the cow on board—— take us off—— carry us out towards the fleet, and I'll give you any thing," was all he had to say, and all the agreement he required.

Some delay necesarily occurred in getting the cow into the boat, although as little as possible; and Mac——, most joyfully, jumped in after her. All was now certain. Every terror vanished. He regained all his powers, and feeling confident of success, became clamorous and bustling as ever. He entreated the boatmen to be active——related to them his anxieties and disasters, stormed them with idle questions, hurried them with persuasions, and encouraged them with offers of reward. Still their fears hung heavy upon them. They promised exertion, but doubted success. The Lord Sheffield sailed well: she also lay near to the wind, and not to lose any further time, we steered direct for St. Helens. Unluckily for poor Mac—, his delay had exhausted our patience, and despairing both of our milk, and our messenger,

we had already passed Spithead, and were advancing into deeper water, and heavier seas.

Mac— was yet very distant, and the boatmen's doubts increasing, his confidence gave way to restless solicitude. He looked out anxiously for the Lord Sheffield, and implored the men to hoist every sail, and pull hard at every oar: then growing more and more restless, he jumped up, sat down, asked questions, cursed the fates, looked up to the sails, cast his eye down to the oars, used persuasions, promised rewards, and exhibited every trait of anxious disquietude.

At length he descried the Lord Sheffield! She was very far ahead, but creative fancy saw her lying-to, waiting for the lugger. Mac—'s declining hopes were again assured—no doubt remained, and pointing out the ship to the boatmen, he insisted that they might soon be up with her. The men used all their efforts, and still proceeded, although they could not discover that the ship was waiting. Mac— was certain the boat gained upon us. The men thought otherwise, and feared it would be impossible to reach us: but Mac— had never believed in impossibilities! The Lord Sheffield was before them, and in sight, and hence they could, and must overtake her! He insisted upon their going on, and urgently implored them to use every possible endeavour. Encouraged by his promises, and not insensible to his earnest solicitude, they stretched every sail to its utmost thread, and pulled with all their might at the oars: but every effort was in vain. We had now abandoned every hope of seeing our cow; the sails were full spread; and we were standing on our passage. In fine, we were at sea, and had lost both our milk, and our assistant.

The boatmen found that they were advanced into deep water. The oars became useless, and the rolling seas, which beat against the boat, impeded her progress. The ship outsailed her, and she evidently fell astern. All further pursuit was hopeless, and the boatmen unwillingly gave up the chase. Even Mac—, whose expectations, when he first descried the ship, had assured him of success, now discovered that the further he advanced, the further he was left behind.

(To be continued.)

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESS.

Round Gown of white Muslin, with long Sleeves, and bordered with Lace; Spanish Cloak of plain Leno, lined with pink Sarsnet, and trimmed with Lace; a Gypsey Bonnet of Straw, and pink Silk Handkerchiefs, fastened at Top, and tied under the Chin; buff Gloves and Shoes.

FULL DRESS.

A Dress of worked Muslin or Leno, train very long; over a Dress of white Sarsnet, a Scarf Cloak of pale Blue Sarsnet, trimmed with white Lace; Buff Gloves, and white Kid Shoes; the Hair dressed fashionable, and ornamented with a Wreath of white Flowers.

MORNING DRESS

FULL DRESS

Published Sep. 1 1808 by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO THE GLOW-WORM *.

GEM of this lone and silent vale,
Treasure of evening's pensive hour!
I come thy fairy rays to hail,
I come a votive strain to pour.

Nor chilly damps, nor paths untrod,
Shall from thy shrine my footsteps fright;
Thy lamp shall guide me o'er the sod,
And cheer the gathering mists of night.

Again thy yellow fire impart;....
Lo! planets shed a mimic day;
Lo! vivid meteors round me dart,
On western clouds red light'nings play!

But I disdain these garish fires
Sporting on evening's sultry wing;
Thy humbler light my eye admires,
Thy soft retiring charms I sing.

Thine is an unobtrusive blaze,
Content in lowly shades to shine;
And much I wish, while thus I gaze,
To make thy modest merit mine.

For, long by youth's wild wishes cast
On the false world's tempestuous sea,
I seek retirement's shore at last,
And find a monitor in thee.

* From Mrs. Opie's Poems.

THE VALE OF SONG.

LAURA, by all the muses grac'd,
Chance in a lonely valley plac'd:
Her heart, by truth and bounty fill'd,
Around its influence distill'd:
She fed the aged and the poor,
And thus enjoy'd her ample store.
The tuneful rustics round her throng,
And call'd her Vale, the Vale of Song.
At eve, and at the earliest dawn,
They met upon her daisied lawn,
Sung, sweetly sung their artless lays;
All emulous to win her praise.

The dawn scarce glimmer'd o'er the dews,
And stars the doubtful twilight shews;
Nor yet the lark had broke its rest,
But slumber'd in its lowly nest;
When Laura's voice, resounding clear,
Like earliest birds, her minstrels hear.
See! Hyacinth has caught the sound;
He comes, the hills his notes rebound;
The rustic poet of the grove,
His soul and muse are tun'd to love;
Agnes as tender lilies fair,
But timid as the hunted hare;
Mid natures wilds alone she strays,
And with the wandering graces plays;
She flies to Laura's rosy bowers,
And hides her near the blushing flowers.
Now to the mead, impearl'd with dew:
The summon'd band impatient flew:
Then Hyacinth first tun'd his tongue,
And try'd the boasted powers of Song.

SONG.

The long thick drowsy night is past,
Day's spring diffuses light from far.
Welcome, welcome dawn at last;
Why yet remains one lingering star?
Anxiously Phœbus I await,
The transient colours to espy,
That through the misty morning fly,
The rosy heralds of his state.
Swiftly I skim the lawn along,
And with the lark begin my song,

With cheerful melody to hail
My distant wandering fair,
While echo back from rock to vale,
Resounds, 'Fair Wanderer!'

Then to the silent grove I'll run;
But should she not be there,
My well-tun'd harp shall teach my tongue
To call my wandering fair.
Light as a breeze which scarce can make
A curling dimple on a pool;
My notes my wanderer shall o'ertake,
And speak the raptures of my soul;
And like a dulcet flute breath'd soft,
In her ear shall whisper oft,
E'en with the breeze which parts her hair—
Return, return, thou wandering fair.

Fair Agnes listen'd as he sung,
And gloried in her poet's tongue.
As morn's bright rays obliquely glanc'd,
And in her auburn tresses danc'd,
He saw the timid virgin blush
Conceal'd, but half by rosy bush.
He long'd her tuneful voice to hear;
But fair Matilda warbled clear.

SONG.

Awake, my song; the morning breaks,
Yon severing cloud the day bespeaks;
The startled cock, rous'd by the dawn,
Strains his shrill throat, and hails the morn.

Hence feverish fancies, hence afar,
I feel the morn's refreshing air;
The neighbouring birds are on the wing,
And sweetly their gay matins sing.

The morning-star's celestial ray
Still lingers mid the dappled grey:
While from the East the sun-beams fly,
Dart vivid tints, and flush the sky.

She ceas'd: their ears gay music greet,
Playful tones, but wildly sweet.
A sportive boy had climb'd a tree,
And breath'd from thence his melody.

SONG.

I scatter wildly rosy flowers,
And pluck the buds which grace the spring;
Uproot, by stealth, the twining flowers,
And chase the birds which sweetest sing.
Where glowing blossoms open fair,
Swift I climb the fated tree;
And months of nature's fostering care,
In scatter'd fragments yield to me.
Sportive mischief I enjoy,
Life's harmless sweets like honey cloy.

O'er sleepy lake and stagnant pool,
Let the dull sons of care preside;
I love the streams which rush and roll,
And hurry down, a rapid tide.
Around the ever-varying year,
With varying joys I hail the day:
For plac'd midst transient blessings here,
My wishes change more fleet than they.

Then leaping from his leafy spray,
Like elfin wight he slid away.
The morn in crimson glory bright,
With radiance every object dight;
Lake, trees, and flowers receive its rays,
And glitt'ring hills resplendent blaze. E. L.

(To be continued.)

FRANTC JESSY.

AN ODE.

SOFT touch the lyre, attune the lay,
And plaintive be the strain:
And as the trembling strings rebound,
Let sportive echoes catch the sound,
And sighing, murmuring all the day,
Of Jessy's woes complain.

See where she sits in anguish mute:
Mark that fair form, that phrensied eye;
Hurried and wild she strikes the lute,
Each note responding with a sigh;
'Tis faithless love supplies the theme,
Her waking care, her nightly dream.

At every sounding footstep near,
She starts——she flies——with palsied fear:
How vain are love's alarms!
Now cheating fancy brings to view
Her lover's image, fond and true:
She flies to meet his arms.

Illusive Hope, ah! why deceive?
Henry has false and perjured prov'd:
Despoil'd——then left the fair to grieve,
Scorn'd by the object once belov'd———
Now jealous pangs her bosom tear;
She shrieks with rage and keen despair.

She climbs in haste the rugged steep;
Rent are her garments, wild her mien;
She views the foaming angry wave;
Exclaims, "Here sorrow finds a grave!"
Then plunging headlong 'mid the deep,
No more is "Frantic Jessy" seen.

E. F.

THE POET PERPLEXED.

(An Extract from an Epistle to a Friend.)

WHEN my muse has grown weary, and seeks for repose,
She hobbles along, in a sad jingling prose;
If she rouses again, I want rhyme for my song,
Or the verse is too stiff——or the measure too long:
Thus perplexed with this, or thus teazed with that,
That I scarcely can tell what the Jade would be at——
Then my paper I tear, and my pen throw aside,
Set my fancy to work——but my wits want a guide:—
Now I've got a good thought, that's just popp'd in my head——
My pen;—and I'll note it——but egad the thought's fled——
Let me see——Let me see—twas—twas—no—it was not——
Twas something 'bout reason——well, by Jove, I've forgot,
Tis sadly perplexing—but then this I'll maintain,
May I always be plagu'd if I e'er strive again:
——Now that promise was rash—I've a great mind to try
To write some love stanzas—but, alas! they're so dry—
Some sonnets—they're easy—now a subject or two—
But a sonnet without any subject will do;
Fourteen lines—that's too much—but a quick turn of wit,
Will an epigram make—well now that's a good hit—
Four lines will suffice—but at mine you would scoff,
For my wit would hang fire, and so would not go off.

St. George's East. SIGMA.

ADVICE TO A FEMALE FRIEND,

ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

ATTEND, dear girl, the Poet's lay,
Hearken to what my Muse shall say;
My Muse shall ever friendly prove
To *her* I most sincerely love:
Then list, oh listen to her lore,
For wisdom she has got in store.

Your form's engaging: *that you know:*
Your *Glass* has often told you so:
Your *manner's* pleasing, and your *sense*
Still adds unto your excellence:
Your *spotless mind*, so free from guile:
Your *face*, that ever wears a smile.

But now, dear Girl, for my advice—
I'll give it, Lassie, in a trice.

Love *him*, who loves *you* for your*self*,
And love not any for their pelf;
Love him, whose love you think's sincere,
Whether a poor or rich man's heir:
Love him, whose temper suits your own,
Whether a citizen or clown:
Love him, whose mind's well stor'd with reading,
Before the Man who's fond of feeding:
Love him, who loves *domestic* joys
Better than plays, and such like toys:
Love him, in whose ennobled mind
No seeds of bigotry you find:
Love him, who's guided by his reason,
Whose conduct's *seldom* out of season;
Who steers an even course through life,
Avoiding many a bitter strife:
Love him, who is averse to law,
Who keeps himself from *legal* paw:
Love him, whose *conversation* pleases,
Whose word your whole attention seizes:
Love him, who's kind and tender-hearted;
His love from you will ne'er be parted:
Love him, whose *friendship* is sincere,
For then his *love* you need not fear;
Who loves his *Friend* will love his *lass*,
And happy days you'll with him pass.

When such a Man you find, ne'er care
Whether he's *black*, or *brown*, or *fair*;
Whether he's *tall*, or *short*, or *neither*;
For *good* he may be, if he's either;
Whether a *lusty* Man, or *spare*,
Whether or light or dark his hair;
These are *Externals*, of no weight
In making of the matter straight.

But where, you'll say, can men be found
Who in such qualities abound?
I answer, if you cannot find
A man in whom they're all combin'd,
Take one who seems to be possess'd
Of most of them, and leave the rest.

I. H. PRINCE.

LINES RETROSPECTIVE,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A FATHER'S DEATH.

By Dr. Perfect.

O DAY for ever sad, for ever drear,
Felt with a sigh, remember'd with a tear!
Though Morning shakes her dew from Flora's crown,
And gilds the day with splendour all her own,
The wave of Sorrow harrows up my breast,
Where sharp Affliction reigns, a constant guest;
Affliction's herbs, that all my peace destroy,
Deaden the seasons renovated joy;
Tho' summer reign——to me, where'er I rove,
'Tis winter yelling in the leafless grove,
While mem'ry sheds Affection's filial dew,
And leads to visit yonder sable yew;
A Parent's virtues on my bosom break,
Mild in their texture as the tranquil lake:
Time ne'er can check my grief, tho' ages roll:
When free'd from bondage, shot his spotless soul,
Swift as a falling meteor wing'd its way
To realms of bliss, in everlasting day.

2d *June.*

CHARADE.

INHERITING my first from earliest time,
My second ever weeps a Parent's crime:
To share my first, and dry my second's tears,
In what attractive form my whole appears!

U.

SOLUTION TO THE CHARADE,

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

CHURCHILL wrote, I believe, in the reign of *Queen Ann*,
With a *pen* I now write to J. C. clever man:
When an heiress I find whose fair face is quite killing,
With her I'll *elope*——provided she's willing;
But if, by denial, my hopes she should damp,
I'll list for a soldier, and trudge off to *Camp*;
Though if she says, yes, then my pleasure to tell,
I'll hire ev'ry ringer to chime ev'ry *bell*;
And I wish *Ann Penelope Campbell* may be
United for life to ingenious J. C.

August 2, 1806. J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO THE FOUR CHARADES

IN THE TWO LAST NUMBERS.

BY SIGMA.

NO more let *Knightsbridge* bear the bell,
Or *Kingsland*—or e'en *Shacklewell*;
Sweet *Ann* does still each Nymph excel,
No rivalship is vainer;
Tho' much *Penelope* you prize,
Or eke Miss *Campbell's* sloe black eyes—
Ann's form would strike you with surprise——
——May I, ye Gods! obtain her.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. L.'s "*Essay*," being a continuation of her Essay on the Culture of the Female Mind, will appear in our next.

J. M. L.'s "*Lines to a young lady*, and *Charade*," W. F.'s *Acrostics*, W. Holloway's "*Lines on the death of a favorite bird*," Cleonicus's "*Poems* and *Charades*," and two or three copies of verses by different authors, are received.

Potter Jackson's case is intitled to the public sympathy, and we wish that he may meet with substantial assistance. But we cannot, consistently with the plan of the Lady's Museum, state cases of distress in it. There would be no end to such an undertaking. Potter Jackson's case is before the public; and on the trial, Lord Ellenborough declared, that it made a disclosure of such savage, and, as it appeared, unprovoked cruelty, as he believed had never before disgraced the Annals of a British Court of Justice. Our benevolent readers may purchase it of the sufferer himself, at R. Butter's, 22, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street.

P. will have the goodness to recollect that the Lady's Museum has not hitherto been made the channel for advertising books.

Our correspondents are requested to consult brevity in their communications, as the insertion of several papers are obliged to be deferred, if not altogether omitted, on account of their length.

We shall be obliged to such correspondents as send us Charades, to favor us also with answers, either in verse or prose.

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Her Royal Highness Princess Sophia.

Published by Vernor & Co. Oct. 1st 1806.